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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

FOR A GUEST BOOK.

A book of guests! May it include
The wise, the witty and the shrewd;
May every guest recorded here,
Grow dearer with each added year;
Acquaintance into friendship grow,
And friendship ever brighter glow.
"Old friends are best," we lightly say,
But, as they fall along the way,
Keep filled the rank with newer friends,
Till Time the adjective amends.
And if old friends still seem the best,
The adage should be thus expressed:
Friends are not best because they're old,
But old because the years that rolled,
The years that make, and mar, and mend,
Have proved them worth the title friend.

S. Weir Mitchell.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1907 NUMBER 24

Let kindle, as before, O Heavenly Light!
New messengers of righteousness, and hope,
And courage, for our day! So shall the world,
That ever, surely, climbs to thy desire,
Grow swifter towards thy purpose and intent.

Richard Watson Gilder.

And now the friends of the "Arid West" are beginning to think that nature is more benignant than the President of the Southern Pacific Railroad and all those who are battling with the Colorado River for the possession of the Imperial Valley. The threatened Salton Sea may be a blessing after all. The climate shows signs of relenting and the Governor and Legislature of Utah are begging the President to let it alone.

Last Sunday at a meeting of the Woman's Trades Union League at the Hull House, Miss Helen Mahon "exposed" the atrocities of the picture hats, offered statistics showing its origin in the sweatshops of the slums. The horrible woman's hat is indeed a grewsome witness not only to woman's indifference to real art, her defiance to grace and beauty, but her indifference to the humanities. For many years she has impaled dead birds wantonly upon her hat; now it appears that little children and weary mothers are being immolated upon the altars of fashion.

This week will be Woman's Day in Chicago. The holding of a National Suffrage Association in this city will be an event, an interest in which can no longer be confined to a certain section of womankind. The men, the politicians, the teachers and preachers, jurists and legislators, must hear and must take heed. The recent passing of Mary Anthony, who so faithfully served as Aarons to the Moses of the Exodus of Women from Egyptian bondage to the Promised Land, and of Isabella Beecher Hooker, the last of the valiant family, will give a fitting session to the session which will inevitably be largely in the nature of a Memorial Meeting for their great leader, Susan B. Anthony.

The *Chicago Tribune* of recent date calls attention to certain pathetic "Tragedies in the air" testified to by the discoveries along the shores of Lake Huron of numberless dead bodies of birds strewn along the shore for twenty miles after a fateful snow storm last October. Twenty-six different species were borne down to their death, crushed, as it were, to the earth by the blinding storm. Men and birds literally take their lives in their own hands when they start out on a high quest of destiny. Not all calamities are manborn and any theory of evil, of pain, sickness or death that seeks an adequate explanation in the waywardness of faithlessness of the individual or even of the race takes little reckoning of the mighty universe. The happy winging birds following cheerfully the divine leading were overthrown by the unlooked for snow storm, and the other day a well known and successful Christian Science practitioner was reported as having been run down by an automobile and killed. The consolations of a small philosophy are dangerous, for the faith based thereon will some day encounter the larger fact and thereby be wrecked.

Last week was a significant one in the history of the peace movement in Chicago. The coming of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Mead to Chicago is getting to be an annual event of increasing significance. Both were frequently heard and always in the interest of the humanities. Mr. Mead spoke last Sunday to Mr. Salter's congregation; Mrs. Mead to the audience of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, and in the afternoon both spoke at a meeting of Chicago Peace Society held at the Hull House. For the first time in the history of the Chicago Peace Society a real interest was manifested by an attendance that was surprising in number and encouraging in quality. The meeting was presided over by the Senior Editor of UNITY, and in addition to the addresses by Mr. and Mrs. Mead remarks were made by Dr. Hirsch, Miss Jane Addams and Revs. H. H. Hart and R. F. Johonnot. The Chair was instructed to nominate a competent committee to coöperate with the New York movement for a National Congress and if possible for an overflow meeting of the same Congress in Chicago, and to present at a subsequent Peace Meeting a list of permanent officers. A letter of greeting and resignation from the President, Hiram W. Thomas, was read. On account of his continued absence from the city the resignation was regretfully accepted and the Secretary was instructed to convey the fellowship and greetings of the Society. The Peace Movement is no longer a contention of the idealist or the sentimentalist, but it is the obvious, tangible, next-thing-to-be-accomplished by the legislator, economist, and the man of hard common sense.

Abraham Lincoln's Religion

With each return of February the Lincoln commemorations grow in beauty and seriousness. By a suggestive coincidence the natal days of the two greatest Americans come in the same month, fittingly in the month when the attractions of nature are meager. The month of storm and clouds, of freshets and snowdrifts, is the month when human nature blooms into the maximum of beauty. Slowly these double stars draw together, and perhaps the final outcome will be a common festival, a Washington-Lincoln holiday, fixed midway between the 12th and 22nd; or, better yet, a Civic Saint's Day, a holy day, to be celebrated on the Sunday between the 12th and the 22nd. For it becomes more and more evident that these two great souls can only be estimated by the spiritual astronomer; their power can only be adequately told in terms of religion; they were ethical forces. Whatever the final verdict may be of the relative greatness of these two great Americans, it is clear that there is to be a great advance if not a change in the religious estimate of Abraham Lincoln. He was a non-conformist; he can never be justly classed among the "Professors" of religion, in the technical sense. His relation to the church visible was slight, but his religious susceptibilities were most active; his soul was attuned to kindness; he was ever "in love with love;" his faith rested in fundamentals.

Said Judge David Davis, his co-laborer and companion on the circuit,—"Lincoln had faith in laws and principles, in causes and effects." He himself is reported as saying, "There are no accidents in my philosophy." To another friend he said, "I am a kind of immortalist; I never could bring myself to believe in eternal punishment." Jesse W. Fell, perhaps the most intelligent, appreciative, intimate of Abraham Lincoln, he to whom he confided the only bit of autobiography he ever wrote, said, "If there were any traits of character that stood out in bold relief in the person of Mr. Lincoln, they were those of truth and candor. He was utterly incapable of insincerity or of professing views that he did not entertain. * * * His religious views were eminently practical and are summed up, as I think, in these two propositions,—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. * * * If I was called upon to designate any author whose views most clearly represented Mr. Lincoln's on religion, I would say that author was Theodore Parker." Mr. Nicolay, private secretary and authorized biographer, wrote in 1865: "Mr. Lincoln did not, to my knowledge, in any way change his religious ideas, opinions or belief from the time he left Springfield to the day of his death." Mrs. Lincoln testified: "He never joined a church, but he was a religious man by nature. He seemed to think more about this, particularly when our Willie died, and more than ever about the time he went to Gettysburg. But it was a kind of poetry in his nature; he was never a technical Christian." The most decisive witness is found in the famous testimony of the artist, Frank B. Carpenter. In his "Six Months in the White House" he quotes Hon. H. C. Deming, of Connecticut, as saying:

> "On one occasion I shall never forget, the conversation turned upon religious subjects, and Mr. Lincoln made this impressive remark: 'I have never united myself to any church because I have found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long, complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their Articles of Belief and Confessions of Faith. When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul.'"

The conclusion of the whole matter, then, must be,—Abraham Lincoln was religious, not because of the dogmas he assented to or the creeds, signed or unsigned, but because his heart was filled with a God-like love; because he was a truth-teller, a right-doer. If man-made churches had no place for him, the congregations of God, the Church of Humanity, approved of him and welcomed him to the innermost sanctities. His kinship to the Man of Nazareth was proven in the fact that he, like the Elder Brother, went about "doing good." He verified the Beatitudes; he was "humble in spirit," "meek," "merciful," "pure in heart;" he was a "peace-maker" and "hungered and thirsted after righteousness;" consequently he saw God; was a son of God, a citizen of the Kingdom of Heaven.

The church of Abraham Lincoln was the church of the sensitive soul, the pitying heart. His merriment was always bordered with tears; his humor struck deep into the pathos of life. He was a fellow with the weepers. Says Barrett, one of the latest as well as his earliest biographer, "Sensitiveness and modesty were as native to him as strength and courage."

This piety of Lincoln was as high as it was rare, and it becomes those who would fain commemorate his name and perpetuate his memory to see that the rights he championed shall not be trampled under the feet of those who mouthe his name. Mr. Lamon, in his "Recollections," says that Lincoln loved the Tennyson couplet:

> "Because right is right, to follow right
> Were wisdom in the scorn of consequences."

A true admiration of Abraham Lincoln empties the world of "niggers" and leaves in their stead the negroes, the human things for whom he wrought so powerfully. It was his religious heart that led him to hate slavery; the heart that caused the young Mississippi flat-boatman when passing a slave auction in New Orleans to clench his fist and say, "Look at that! Think of it! My God, if I ever have a chance I will hit that thing hard!"

The religion of Abraham Lincoln was democracy touched with the fervor of the devotee; made fervid by enthusiasm—the God within. If there be a glory corner anywhere in the universe where the Hallelujahs of four million emancipated slaves may not carry the soul of Abraham Lincoln, then we can afford to be

strangers to that glory corner and may well be indifferent to such a remote throne, for he who holds the destinies of eternity in his hands is the God of the lowly spirit and the tender heart.

We rejoice in the inevitable multiplication of Lincoln shrines in America: The little mother's grave in Indiana; the too much neglected and understimated tomb of Thomas Lincoln, near Charleston, Ill.; the monumental shrine at Springfield, Ill., and, more dear and significant than them all, the beautiful birth spot with its purling stream of pure water, where the humble cabin was reared in the heart of the dense forest and where it is soon to be re-reared and re-dedicated, still in a place apart from the greeds of traffic and travel. When this form is rehabilitated, art should conspire with history and the intelligent appreciation of prosperity in bearing testimony to the devoutness of Abraham Lincoln. Let there be erected there an altar, a shrine, a place of prayer and thanksgiving, where little children, youth fresh from school, those who still wear unfaded bridal flowers, as well as the aged, may shrive their souls with penitence and humbly re-consecrate life's joys and sorrows to the service of the lowly.

Our Meanness in the Philippines

A PRELUDE BEFORE THE SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE IN STEINWAY HALL, SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 10, 1907 BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

In this country we are all partners in the government and are represented for good or ill by what the government does. In a healthy democracy there is the closest interaction between the governing agents and the mass of the people. We have the right to instruct, to criticize, to call to account. Even the single citizen may express himself. If the government does not represent him, he ought to express himself. Though he may be a solitary voice, he has the right to call for a better government.

Reflections like these have a point, at least for me, in view of certain things our government is doing or leaving undone in the Philippines. I raise no past issues. The Philippines are ours whether we got them in accordance with true American principles or no. Second-best things or even wrong things are happening all the time in the world—and we have to accept them as fact and act accordingly. There was earnest declaration that even if we did hold the islands against their will, we were doing so for their good, that we would not oppress them, that we would not selfishly exploit them, that our coming to them would mean for them freedom and opportunity and prosperity such as they had never known before—and it is for us to see that these pledges and promises are carried out.

Yet what is our government doing? The Filipinos are a poor people (as a rule), and they have been in the habit of importing certain cheap cotton goods from England. The goods were called "splits," because made by splitting the original fabrics. But our cotton manufacturers wished to supply these goods themselves. They did not seek to do this by marking down the price, so as to fairly compete with the English products and not make the Filipino suffer; but they went to work with Congress and induced that body to put a duty on the English goods, which raised the price of them 100 per cent. They thought thereby to force the Filipinos to buy their own goods. What are we to think of the ethics of such a procedure? It is said that "splits" are almost universally used by the middle and poorer class of natives for dress materials, and that the old price (about a dollar less than that of the American competing product) was all the millions of poorer people could pay, and we begin our process of benevolent assimilation by doubling that price! Does this legislation, I ask you, fairly represent the spirit of the American people—in any case, does it represent you American citizens who are here before me? The irony of the pitiable business is that our manufacturers do not get what they wanted after all, for vast quantities of English "splits" are still bought by the Filipinos; the only result of the legislation being to make them pay a hitherto unheard of price.

But our little brown brothers not only have to buy things; they want to sell things, too. And how natural that we, their protectors, should help them—should open this country to them, and say they are at liberty to sell here anything they produce! Selling and buying are honorable pursuits—men have to sell in order to buy; and American rule, it would be natural to suppose, would mean new freedom and opportunity to them. But what was the news from Washington only last month? That a measure to give the Filipinos a little more freedom in sending their products to our shores, though favored by the President and passed by one branch of the government, was held up in another and that there was no hope for its becoming law. It is sugar and tobacco, along with rice, that the Filipinos produce particularly, and we, their superior white brothers, with all our skill and capital, twentieth-century appliances, are not only afraid to let them compete on even terms with us, but we are ever unwilling to lower by ever so little the heavy rates of duty we have imposed. Again I ask, does the unfairness and unbrotherliness fairly represent the people? At least, does it represent you?

And now I must say whom I think it does represent. It represents the beet-sugar manufacturers and the tobacco growers of our country. It is no secret that it is they and their representatives in the Senate that have held up this message for ameliorating economic conditions in the Philippines. They don't want competition. They want an unfair advantage. We talk about our's as a competitive system—and we speak of how much better it is to have prices determined in the fair open market rather than by law. But we have prices determined by law now. And the interested people make the law! While you and I are holding meetings

and talking ethics and idealism, they are fixing the law or hindering its being unfixed!

We must have a live citizenship in America. We are in danger of having the forms of democracy without the substance. In the absence of a strong, clear, popular will the powerful interests have things their own way. They may be as narrow, as selfish and as mean as any noble or aristocratic class in Europe. Yes, "mean," that is the word for it—it is nothing else than our meanness in the Philippines that I have brought before you this morning. We have a great opportunity to bless our little brown brothers—and doubtless in educational ways and others we are blessing them. But the first necessities of human beings relate to humble things, to food and clothing and the means of self-support, and instead of easing the lot of the Filipinos in these particulars we are making it harder,—all out of greed, out of cowardly fear, and not for our country's interest, but for that of a small class (or classes) among us, and for our COUNTRY'S shame!

A Prejudice

I was climbing up a mountain path
  With many things to do,
Important business of my own
  And other people's, too,
When I ran against a prejudice
  That quite cut off the view.

My work was such I could not wait,
  My path quite clearly showed
My strength and time were limited,
  I carried quite a load,
And there that hulking prejudice
  Sat all across the road!

I spoke to him politely,
  For he was huge and high,
And begged that he would move a bit
  And let me travel by;
He smiled, but as for moving,
  He didn't even try!

And then I reasoned quietly
  With that colossal mule,
My time was short—no other path,
  The mountain winds were cool,
I argued like a Solomon,
  He sat there like a fool.

Then I flew into a passion,
  I danced and howled and swore,
I pelted and belabored him
  'Til I was stiff and sore;
He got as mad as I did,
  But he sat there as before.

And then I begged him on my knees,
  I might be kneeling still,
If so I hoped to move that mass
  Of obdurate ill-will;
As well invite the monument
  To vacate Bunker Hill.

So I sat before him helpless
  In an ecstacy of woe;
The mountain mists were rising fast,
  The sun was sinking low,
When a sudden inspiration came,
  A sudden wind to blow.

I took my hat, I took my stick,
  My load I settled fair,
I approached that awful incubus
  With an absent-minded air;
And I walked directly through him
  As if he wasn't there

—*Charlotte Perkins Stetson.*

THE PULPIT

The Waste of Nations

A STUDY OF WAR.

(A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE JANUARY 13, 1907.)

In this series of three sermons on the Waste, the Wealth, and the Hope of Nations, I shall discuss not the problems of individual but of civic conscience; not the strengths and weaknesses of the individual, but of the nation; the corporate life, which is almost a new entity in the thought and the study of the culture world. Man at last is slowly but surely coming into this corporate consciousness, which makes him sensitive to the suffering, party to the struggles, participator in the joys and prides of the entire community. And the community needs, as well as the community prides, are expanding through the conscious life of the state into the conscious life of the nation. The vast life of the race throbs in the brain of the individual, tingles in the nerves of every man; and the development of the one is determined by the sensitiveness of this racial nerve, the alertness of this national connection, the strength of his state pride and the degree of his municipal or community loyalty.

In proportion as the life of the individual is perfected, in that proportion is he a higher animal, whose fuller development is impossible except in and with the development of his fellows. He alone is wealthy or can enter into the joys of wealth who is a conscious contributor to and a joyous partaker of the common wealth. No man can be well fed, still less well educated, no individual property can be safe-guarded, still less utilized, except in and through and by virtue of the social compact. The man who can say or think "The public be damned" is himself damned in that very attitude of mind. He is of all men most miserable who is cut off from the sane and sanitary reinforcements of the community. The solitary man, he whose greed has cut him off from the responsibilities and joys of his fellows, he who refuses to carry his full share of the burdens and duties of the community, the state, and the humanity of which he is a part, is by virtue of that refusal cut off from the joys, the inspirations and the peace in store for the enlightened and the developed man. And his full share is measured by the full ability of his brain, the full capacity of his heart, the skill of his hand and the abundance of his purse. He who dodges, evades, regrets the *ad valorem* tax in all these directions elects for himself the limited joys, the restricted powers. He so far cuts himself off from the life of man and he elects for himself the sordid life of the brute.

Channing has well said in his great declarations against war, "Better a land infested with brutes than with brutalized men." And the brutalized man is not the man of excessive indulgences, the man of inordinate appetites, who inebriates his brain with stimulants and who violates the prudences of the stomach and the sanctities of sex. To call these excesses brutal is an indignity to the brute creation. They know not the degradations and excesses in these directions which are practiced by their more favored kin on the topmost branch of the biological tree—members of the *genus Homo.* But that is brutal which seeks only the safety and the comfort of self and the special extension of that self represented in one's own immediate consort and offspring; the man and woman whose sympathies and co-operative output are limited, who are actively concerned only with the welfare of their own off-

spring, are on the brutal plane of geese, pigs and cattle. For the gander will do valiant service in defense of his goslings; the cock of the barn-yard scratches in the interest of his wives and children, and the bull buffaloes on the plains were wont to form a ring of defense against prowling bear or sneaking wolf that came to prey upon their more defenseless cows and calves. Professor Shaler has called our attention to the fact that pigs, though debilitated by long domestication, will rally to the defense of a brother in distress with an alacrity that shames their human breeder.

The safety, the comfort, the morality, the intelligence and spiritual power and joy, and hence the peace of soul of every individual becomes a municipal, national, and international problem. The prosperity of the nations, then, is a problem that vitally concerns itself with the privileges and duties of the coachman and the carpenter as it does with those of the senator, the President, and the king.

When the wanton stick in the hands of a boy or the relentless share of the plowman breaks open the ant-hill, the inhabitants thereof rush, not to the circumference, the point that is furthest from danger, but with splendid precipitancy they throw themselves to the center; they seek the store-houses and the nurseries of the community; their one impulse is to guard and rescue at all hazards their common wealth, to protect their common life.

The naturalists tell us of the "bachelor" beavers, crusty, sordid old fellows, in whom selfishness has overcome their love of service and their enjoyment of the common life. When they refuse to divide their supplies with the community they are thrust out from the community and driven up stream, where they live in "single blessedness" the meager life of a bachelor.

The concerns of the nation, then, become most intimately related to the concerns of the individual. The common life measures the life of the individual, and any consideration of this common life finds us at once hedged in by an inexorable poverty. However elaborate and costly your wardrobe may be, however abundant the resources of your pantry, your public life is beggarly. The children of the boulevard, like the children of the alley, are compelled to breathe pestilential air, to walk unclean streets, to go to inadequately equipped schools, to fall short of some of the most palpable needs and joys of life, such as go with a properly sanitized city, houses reared in beauty, adequate libraries and art galleries. A thousand wants and needs of the children of the millionaire as well as of the children of his cook and coachman go unsatisfied, because they can be satisfied only through public means and civic expression. And every quest in these directions is promptly balked by the cry of poverty. "No funds to clean the streets! No funds to extend the drainage! No funds to build adequate school buildings, to pay competent teachers, to establish the playgrounds needed, to develop parks desired! No funds to equip the community with adequate public or private gymnasiums, swimming pools, public retiring rooms, the most palpable necessary conveniences of transportation and travel. Poor churches, stupid preachers, inadequate hospitals, over-worked children and under-fed orphans, pathetic old age and helpless infancy stupefy our intellects, fill our ears with wailing, disturb our sleep with fitful dreams, make us ashamed of our own comfort, and cause the well-prepared food on our own tables to taste bad—all for want of money." And every suggestion that may come from school board, city council, church committee, schoolmaster, or well-meaning man or woman is promptly met by the brutalized guardians of the bounty of nature and the triumphs of man, with the retort, "Where is your money; where is your money? You are trying to do too much! The calls are too frequent! You have no idea of the demands that are made upon me!"

The wealthiest man that Chicago ever knew once confessed with tears in his voice to me, who represented for the time being what he called "an obvious and a palpable good thing," that he was so hounded and nagged with those clamorous claims on every side that he was almost driven to cut Chicago and run to get away from them.

In view of these high civic demands, these common interests; in view of the fact that culture multiplies needs faster than it develops resources, we are confronted by the need of economy. The laws of thrift need enforcement; the common prudences, which serve so well in the development of the individual, must be brought more effectively to bear upon the common wealth of the nation and the common life of nations. Capital, in the hands of enlightened selfishness, has grown thrifty. The captains of industry have won their triumphs largely by their savings. It is the "by-products" of the business that makes sure the dividends at the end of the year. "Nothing gets away but the squeal," the boast of Packingtown, is an epigram loaded with wisdom, with practical suggestiveness. It is the key to national prosperity.

So, the only adequate remedy for this universal complaint of "No money! no money! no money!" is to raise the counter cry of "Waste! waste! waste! more waste!" and to emphasize that cry with the testimony of the laboratory, the figures of trade, the aggregations of dissipation, and, above all, the horrible statistics of war.

All economists have called attention in one way or another to the unreasoning, unthinking, and crippling wastes of modern life. Think of the waste of money, strength and time, the three great wealths of the world, represented by the absurdities of dress, the wickedness of fashion, the dresses that torture, the hats that disfigure, the shoes with their high heels and pinching toes that distort the body! Add to this waste of the wardrobe, which is as inartistic as it is unhygienic, the waste of the larder—the over-eating and the over-drinking. The wastes of the table, the refuse of the boarding-houses and the hotels of this country would fatten the starvelings of the world.

I cannot stop even to hint at the awful figures of the drink problem, the mighty statistics of the brewing and distilling interests of America in dollars and cents. The figures would reach quite beyond our comprehension. Nor can I stop to speak of the waste of advertising, making people buy what they do not need. But the waste of human energy, the destruction of tissue, the mutilation of ideals, the hardening of consciences and the breaking of hearts all up and down the line—these impoverish the nations. No wonder that good things starve, high causes are strangled, economists grow desperate and capitalists become nervous and irritable whenever the benign forces of the world ask for further embodiment at their hands.

But all these horrible wastes, which reach through all the ramifications of society, can be traced back into every life. There are holes in every pocket through which fall out the precious coin that would go far towards equipping the institutions of benignity, furnishing city and state with the instruments of justice, kindling lights that would illumine the dark places in public street and private closet—the slum

places, the dank malarial by-paths in domestic and private life.

But all these wastes are incidental and sink into insignificance when compared with the master wastes, the superlative leakages, represented by the horrible triumphs and perfections of war and its malign equipments. War is at best a prolongation, a civilized application of the law of the jungle. The bayonet is the human perfection of the claw. The last perfection of the bullet, whatever it may be—I cannot keep pace with the science of gunnery—is but the last refining of the serpent's fang, and cannonry is the human and scientific development of horns and tusks, disemboweling instruments which represent the force that tears and rends.

Says Henry George: "Warfare is the negation of association. The separation incident to warfare checks improvement." And still, war, even in the United States of America, the great and proud democracy of the world, the envy of European reformers, the refuge of military conscripts, the hope of the army-burdened nations of the elder world, is our heaviest burden. In the year ending January 30, 1905, according to the World's Almanac for 1906, the United States expended for its army and navy alone $233,832,209, out of a total expenditure for all its other departments of $567,411,611, including its civic, miscellaneous, Indian, internal revenue and interest on public debt. If we add to the war expenses the pension bill of $141,770,955, we have a total expenditure on the part of the United States government for war purposes in the last year of which the statistics are available of $375,603,164, or $91,898,359 more than one-half of all the United States' expenditures for schools, colleges, drainage, commerce, discovery, the signal and life-saving coast service, where man is protected from the invasions of nature, and those amenities of peace that extend man's dominion over nature and reclaim for human use the arid and swamp lands of the nation.

In the list of officials in the various government departments in the same exhibit, without counting the secretaries in the War and Navy department, there appear the names of fifty-four officials whose salaries range from $3,000 to $6,000 per annum; while only fourteen such officials appear in the Postoffice department, sixteen in the Department of the Interior and fourteen in the Department of Justice.

On the 4th day of July, 1845, Charles Sumner delivered his great oration in Boston on "The True Grandeur of Nations." The thrilling climax of that immortal address was a comparison between the destructive wastes of war and the conserving cost of education. He pointed to Harvard University, with its museums, its libraries, its school of law and divinity and medicine, its professors and tutors, its accumulation of two centuries of generosity, and then, pointing to the "Ohio," the United States ship of war lying in Boston harbor, he showed that that one perishable, speedily to be outgrown battleship represented $100,000 more money than all the accumulated wealth of the proudest seat of learning in the United States, Harvard University at the end of two centuries of life.

But these figures of Charles Sumner's are out of date. Let President Eliot of Harvard University continue the figuring in the statements made at the quarter-centennial of the great Tuskegee School, itself a brilliant illustration of what may be achieved through the economic use of the refuse of our public life—for Booker T. Washington and his great institution are by-products of American civilization; they represent the divine utilization of what, in the estimation of large masses of people and great territories of our country, are still considered the refuse, the slag, skimmed off the surface of the seething caldron of human life.

It was at such a place and before the audience that would be drawn hither that President Eliot said in April, 1906, that the cost of one of these "short-lived monsters of the sea" would plant a Tuskegee in every southern state. The last battle-ship ordered by the United States, he told that audience, was to cost ten million dollars. With that ten million President Eliot offered to build the hundred buildings of Harvard University, with money enough left to construct the buildings of Yale, Amherst, Williams, Bowdoin, Brown and Dartmouth. And after all these famous centers of life and love and thought, which have been doing business through the centuries and will continue with increased virility through untold centuries to come, were recreated, he would have a million dollars left over with which he could build all the buildings of the University of Virginia, Hampden Institute, William and Mary College and every college in Virginia and provide the estimated expenditure of the Jamestown Exposition, and then he would not have exceeded the cost of a single "Dread Naught," the boast of the British navy, the greatest battleship yet made, whose normal life is estimated at twelve years, at the end of which time the best that can now be turned out in the navy yards of the world will be ready to be retired, to be classified as junk, fit only to be sold for old iron.

But these figures tell but a small part of the story. We cannot scare the American people with costs whenever the costs run parallel with tradition, with pride, with patriotism, with competition. More effective is the grewsome illustration of Thomas Carlyle in Sartor Resartus, who withdraws from his own village of Drumdrudge in Scotland "thirty able-bodied men whom that countryside had suckled and fed into manhood, not without difficulty and sorrow, and even trained them to crafts so that one could weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest could stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid weeping and wailing, they were selected, dressed in red, and shipped away at the public charge—say to the south of Spain at Gibraltar, and there fed till they are wanted.

"Not far away over the line in France were thirty other artisans selected from a French Drumdrudge in like manner, fed in the same way, till at length after an infinite effort the two parties meet. Thirty stand fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. 'Fire!' is the command, and they blow the soul out of one another and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen the world has sixty dead carcasses which it must bury and shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Nay, busy as the devil is, not the smallest. On the other hand, consciously or otherwise, they had mutual interests. Their governors had fallen out, and instead of shooting one another had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot. "So," adds the grim old prophet, "is it in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands."

But Carlyle is ancient history. Baroness Von Suttner, the gifted child of an Australian general, a veritable "Daughter of the Regiment," in her "Ground Arms," has portrayed the horrible realities of this human waste. She has heard the groan of the camp, felt the burden of her nation, and has spoken for the mothers who have grown weary of "rearing boys to

be shot." She has spoken for the wives who find no compensation in glory or martial display for sleepless nights while husbands are in the rifle pits, although thereby some royal title might be righted, a political affront atoned, some wanton murder avenged, by more murders, and still more murders—always the murder of the innocent. And she takes her readers through the deadly pestilence that sooner or later stalks forth to complete the waste which the cannon begins.

Verestchagin continued with the brush the task which the baroness began with the pen. Who will ever forget his awful, revealing, truthful canvases that disclosed the horrors of the march, the sickening tedium of the camp, the indescribable misery of the hospital, the pestilence of the battlefield? How they went the rounds of European and American cities, shaming kings and queens, warning those in high authority, lest they let loose the grim dogs of war! No wonder that the military forces of Germany forbade their exhibition at the recruiting station because they depressed the spirit of enlistment! No wonder the British government denied them recognition, because they told awful truths about its "Christian" campaigns in India!

Fitting climax to this great artistic protest against war was the human sacrifice, the quivering heart of the artist, who in the Japanese-Russian war went down into the deep with the battleship whose terrors he went out to portray.

But not dollars, nor yet the quivering nerves and rivers of blood, the redeeming tide of tears, represent the ultimate waste of war, the final logic of which is selfishness. It is the subordination of jurisprudence, science and religion to the dictum of brutality, to the logic of the barbarian. It is as I have already said subordinating the golden rule, which is the law of God's Kingdom, to the ethics of the pack, the law of the jungle. It is harking back to the logic of the barbarian which made might right, and putting far away the logic of civilization, which Lincoln stated in the words that we have cast in bronze and bolted to the front of the Abraham Lincoln Center—"Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith dare to do our duty."

I may speak as a soldier and for the soldier. Three years of my life were spent at a private under orders in the noblest army that was ever gathered, doing service for the highest cause for which an army was ever marshalled—the cause of the slave, the rights of a despised race. And still, even under such circumstances, I must testify to the degradations, the spiritual contaminations, the intellectual indolence, the vulgarity of speech, the filthiness of imagination, the fell harpies of sensualism, gambling, inebriety which in one way or another brought forth their kind, for here as elsewhere like breeds like, and Mrs. Browning's words are justified by science and history:

> "There is not a crime
> Rung out upon the counters of this world,
> But takes its proper change out still in crime.
> Let sinners look to it."

The subsequent history of that war, the noblest of wars, shows how little can the white banners of reform be advanced by the blood-red hand of war. The greed and the corruption, the bitterness and lawlessness, from the mad lynchings of Southern mobs to the as mad plunging of Northern capitalists and speculators, are the legitimate children of the four years of horrible demoralization, of awful expenditures, of wicked destruction of field and home, of reckless piling up of debts and the unenlightened and undirected spirit of daring and adventure.

If you want to know what war is, ask not the politician who seldom goes to the front, ask not the rulers, touchy for dignity, with their blind faith in power, who study the thunderbolt more closely than the violet, who believe that the "big stick" is a necessary reënforcement of the "soft word"; ask the greatest captain of modern times, Napoleon, and he will tell you, "War is the trade of barbarians"; ask Wellington, the iron duke of England, and he will say, "There is nothing more horrible than victory except defeat"; ask our own valiant Sherman, and he will say, "Gentlemen, you think that war is all glory. I tell you it is all hell."

In the closing days of the last century, the century so gifted and so rewarded, there came into use a new word, an ominous word, a single word that holds within itself calamities unspeakable and represents forebodings most dire, "Militarism." What is militarism? It is a recrudescence of force; it is an injection into modern statecraft of the primitive dictum that "Might makes right." It is the false assumption that the physical arm of the state measures the strength of that state in the councils of the world. It is a new exaltation of the soldier, a fresh apotheosis of the warrior. It is disassociating the science of war from the horrible practice; it is reducing killing to a fine art; glossing national murder with high-sounding words and highly polished instruments of precision that represent the prides of the arsenal, the triumphs of engineering. With it goes a revival of the mock heroism which expresses itself in the love of parade, the glitter of gold lace, the inspiration of the drum-corps.

When with the increase of the army in the United States it was known that two hundred commissions of the lower grade were to be issued, sixty thousand applications were filed for appointment as lieutenant. To the undergraduate, "Lieutenant" means grace, fine clothes, dashing appearance, the admiration of young ladies, the envy of young men, the hero of the ballroom, and sure pay, with the hope of promotion. Sixty thousand young men in the United States thirsting for a permanent place in a corps dedicated to destruction! Young men who were willing to accept war as a profession, eager to face the long years of indolence, listlessness and moral and intellectual apathy attendant upon garrison duty, in the prospect of some day seeing active service, knowing the stimuli connected therewith, and justifying to themselves and to the country their years of indolent waste!

"Militarism" in the twentieth century is a mediaeval graft of feudalism. The growth of this militarism is a matter of statistics, and with it there has been a commensurate growth in the degeneracy of national ideals, an abandonment of faith in the supremacy of spirit, an acceptance on the part of the would-be guardians of morals and religion, of the logic of power.

A Sunday morning triumph in cannonry in a far-away harbor of the Pacific over a decadent enemy caused a great republic to forget its fundamental postulates, to belie its boast of democracy, to enter upon the long, mad, dreary career of conquest, subjugation and political "possessions," all because the mock-heroic spirit of militarism said, "Where the flag once goes up it must never come down"—the maxim of a bully, an epigram of brutality, a statute of violence and not of grace, a defiance to religion, and an insult to morals.

It is one of the paradoxes of our times that the opening years of the twentieth century, with its joy in science, its widening acquaintance with the religious tradition and spiritual wealths of the world, with the growth of international spirit and the development of interest in universal religion, is also marked with an immense increase in the enginery of war, an unparalleled amplification of the armies and navies of the world.

I have not ventured the handling of the military statistics of Europe. They are made available in the awful revealments of Bloch's "Future of War," the substance of which is procurable in an English volume published by Ginn & Company, for 50 cents. It is sad to know that the powers of the civilized world now maintain a larger standing army on a peace footing than was ever before indulged in by the civilized world. It is a conservative estimate that over three millions of the pick and flower of Europe are today encamped on the field of Mars. The old adage that every peasant carried a soldier on his back in addition to his home burdens is inadequate. The present estimate is that it takes two peasants to support a soldier. This would make nine million men withdrawn from the creative work of the world, whose energies are devoted to destruction rather than to construction; to the waste of life's treasure rather than to its accumulation. And these millions represent the pick of Europe's sons. Well does David Starr Jordan write of "The Blood of the Nations."

No wonder that we are too poor to do the obvious things for ourselves and our children. Is there no way out of it? The answer to this question I will discuss in the remaining sermons of the series. Meanwhile the thing to do is to stem the tide, resist the tendency, discount the enthusiasm in the interest of this militarism which is rampant today in the United States, the dominant spirit in Congress. The one appropriation that goes through unchallenged is the naval appropriation, which, scientifically speaking, is the most uncertain, unstable and problematic industry in the engineering world. With all our passion for big ships, we are still an inferior power among the nations in this respect. God grant that we may always remain so! In the World's Almanac for 1906, already quoted from, the navy of Great Britain counted forty first-class battleships, 120 second and third-class cruisers, 97 sea-going gunboats, 149 torpedo boat destroyers, 188 torpedo boats, and 124,000 enlisted men. Over against this the United States had but twenty-one first class boats, fifteen second and third class cruisers, twenty-four sea-going gunboats, sixteen torpedo boat destroyers, forty-six torpedo boats, and only 32,109 enlisted men. God grant that we may maintain forever this honorable inferiority, this benign weakness, which, as I will try to show in the next sermon of the series, enters into our divine strength. But the tide must be resisted.

On January 5th, Hon. Carroll D. Wright of Clark University, Edwin D. Mead, Edward Everett Hale, Cardinal Gibbons, Jane Addams, Professor Dillard of New Orleans, Professor Woodward of St. Louis, Professor Zueblin of Chicago, and six other members of the Advisory Board of the Jamestown Exposition, issued a long protest against the diversion of the Jamestown Exposition, which is to be held this year, from that of an historic, civic study of progress into a military parade. They call attention to the fact that out of the thirty-eight items in the recently published list of "attractions," eighteen of them are military in their triumphs, misleading and delusive in their influence. In this handbill it is promised that there will be exhibited at Jamestown,

> "The greatest military spectacle the world has ever seen."
> "The greatest gathering of war ships in the history of the world."
> "Prize drills by the soldiers of all nations and by picked regiments of the United States and state troops."
> "The largest military parade ground in the world."
> "The greatest array of gorgeous military uniforms of all nations ever seen in any country."
> "More members of royalty of different countries than have ever assembled in peace or war."

Mark that! More members of royalty of different countries than have ever assembled in peace or war!

> "A great living picture of war with all its enticing splendors."

Its "enticing splendors!" Heaven save the mark! Who can measure the bewitching influence of such an exhibition upon the young men who may go there for inspiration, particularly from that section of the country already too well acquainted with guns and suffering with the chronic disease that might be named "Pistolitis!"

The naval service of the United States is today threatened with a hopeful dearth of recruits, and the department is sending out stereopticon exhibits, moving pictures, to set forth the "attractions" of life on shipboard. Will their exhibit show the sunken Maine in the Havana harbor? Will it arrange conspicuously the cripples who are broken on the wheel of naval temptations, the moral wrecks, the spiritually reckless and flippant and hardened that follow in the wake of every battleship?

Let the protest of the men and women who were deluded into this directory with the hope that they might serve the cause of humanity, the constructive arts and sciences, be heard. I can do no better than to close this unfinished sermon with the closing words of this appeal:

> "We appeal to all those in any way responsively associated with the coming exposition who feel the meaning of the word 'America,' and who divine the significance of the international hour which is now striking to unite in an effort to avert this humiliation from the republic; and in this effort we believe that they will have the support of everything that is enlightened, faithful, and sound in American public sentiment."

The Place of Jesus in Evolution

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE SUSQUEHANNA (N. Y.) ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES, OCTOBER, 1906, BY REV. SAMUEL E. EASTMAN, PASTOR OF THE PARK CHURCH, ELMIRA, N. Y.

I must clear the way of approach to the subject by a few preliminary remarks, and

1. This paper of only thirty minutes on such a theme will necessarily be little more than a category of propositions—topics, if you please, for a work on Soteriology Reconstructed.

2. Evolution is a process not a cause. It is the *modus operandi* of what Huxley calls purposeful power.

3. Material evolution as indeed also material philosophy is now reduced to a little flurry—scarcely more than a cat's paw, as the sailors call them—on the ocean of human thought. Heackel, now an old man, is the last great scientist who holds to it. And indeed he gives it up utterly, though he does not know it, in his work, "The Riddle of the Universe," when he says: "We do not know *the thing itself* that lies behind these knowable phenomena." He adds naively, "But why trouble about this enigmatic thing itself?"

As if we could cease troubling about it. It is the most obtrusive thing in the universe of thought.

4. The material school has been deserted by Du Bois, Raymond, Romanes, Wundt, Virchow and Karl Ernst Baer, as a theory wholly inadequate.

5. After Tyndall's failure to find spontaneous generation some thirty or more years since, Empirical Science began a closer search of Nature, if possible, to compel her to open her sealed lips and tell what mystic power lay hidden at the center of things, and today the universal testimony is that an intelligent, purposeful, spiritual somewhat is there and they give it various names. Tyndall calls it the "inexpressible *it.*" Huxley names it "Purposeful Power." Romanes, "Determinative Force." To Herbert Spencer it is the "Infinite and Eternal Energy," howbeit "Unknowable," but he reverently writes it with capitals; and Ernest Heackel, himself the prince of materialists, calls it "The *thing itself* behind phenomena." Matthew Arnold voices the declarations of Historic Science in "The Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness, while modern Psychology, which under Muüsterberg, Wundt and our own dear Professor James, of Harvard, is a descriptive, almost altogether experimental, Science, recognizes what Emerson calls the Over soul flowing through our intellect, sensibility and will bring it to pass genius, love and virtue. It is interesting to note just here that 4,000 years ago a semitic race named Hebrews called this same mystic force Elohim—a plural, *the powers*—and worshiped him as a composite deity, their monotheistic instinct keeping them from the polytheism of their neighbors, and the power in human nature, source of their ethical intuitions, they named Jehovah, the I am, and these two, Elohim and Jehovah, are, as absolute realities, nearly identical in thought with Aristole's *"Energia," energy,* and Plato's "On," *being.* So our modern evolutionary scientists are harking back to Plato and Abraham.

6. The topic assigned me, "If evolution be true, where is the place of Jesus?" is significant of a radical change in the attitude of the preacher and teacher of religion toward the revelations of science. But a little while ago he refused all light that did not shine through his own barred casement. Now he is open to all the light that shines from any whither. Here and there is one who still digs up out of the scrap heap much of the Westminster confession and thirty-nine articles, whither Historic Science has consigned it and endeavors to shine it up a bit, but the old distrust of truth in all but one direction—that of miraculous revelation— is now rapidly passing. And truth, handicapped by her friends through fear, is having the chance of her life today.

Having thus blazed the path to the clearing in the center—Christology, the perfect man, the teleological center of the universe—let me begin upon my theme, "If evolution be true, where is the place of Jesus?"

1. Where is the place of Jesus as the Supreme Revealer?

There is no scrap heap in Nature. There are no tramp atoms. All material is usable and all are workers in Nature's factory. The dead, dry, curled leaf today no sooner touches the earth than the appointed chemical forces seize it and compel it to minister to some high value of life. Chemical force, electrical force and the force of gravitation—a triumvirate of energies—have not been playing at chance creations. Like spirited steeds they have been harnessed by thought and a purpose to a chariot and driven along a determined highway toward a definite goal—namely, an earth fitted to sustain life, and nowhere and at no time through the cycles have our scientists been able to find a lax rein or careless driving. That is, materials have been judged, assorted and readjusted; forces have been conserved and combined; motion has been given direction, and we have had superintendence, judgment and direction in the evolutionary process before life appeared, and by testimony of geologist, chemist and astronomer every dance of the atoms has been toward a condition of things that would sustain life—all as if life were the maximum volume in the universe of matter. At length life appears in the evolutionary process, and its value is far above rubies. You would not be long in choosing between a smooth white bean and a gleaming crystal. The bean is alive and life is infinitely potential. What is called specialization takes place and higher and still higher forms of life appear. One form appears far above all others in its functioning, a prototype, the herald of a new species, and life sets out on a new and higher range of the natural order. This one is cycles ahead of the living mass. In the earth beautiful and full of foods convenient sentient life arrives. Here is a creature susceptible of pleasure and pain, and life's values are potentially in the moneron or rhizopod vastly higher than in the bean, and life ottains in the process a still higher range.

Alvar, holding a goblet of poisoned wine in his hand, says to Ordonio in the play:

> "You insect on the wall
> Which moves this way and that its hundred limbs,
> Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft.
> It were an infinitely curious thing!
> But it has life, Pedonia! Life, enjoyment,
> And by the power of its miraculous will
> Wields all the complex movements of its frame
> Unerringly to pleasurable ends!
> Saw I that insect on this goblet's rim
> I would remove it with anxious pity.

From the pleasure of the worm to the blessedness of the pure in heart is a long process in life's increasing values, and from one range of sentient being up to another are found these specializations. Higher life values seems to be the ideal, which in the process everywhere gives direction to the life-bearing forces all the way from the atom to man. It is as if an omniscient civil engineer had taken the altitudes and levels, laid out paths and set up all along the course guerdons to guide the oncoming forces of life. These specializations are named by some of the evolutionists the "arrival of the fittest." On the upper ranges of being, where ethical and spiritual values obtain, Jesus is the Great Guerdon to potential human life. He is the arrival of the supremely fit on the ethical and spiritual range of being. He is the Supreme Revealer. With reason fully awake man must seek the ultimate values of being, the "ens realissimune" of the old philosophers, the real being. He cannot do otherwise. Human reason is ever peering through the mists to gain glimpses of the guerdons, ensigns of life's higher values, nor will the human heart ever cease to yearn for the ultimate goodness. Jesus is our commanding, all satisfying ideal.

2. *Where is the place of Jesus* as a *sacrifice* in the *evolutionary process.*

If we still hold to the pagan thought of God, which somehow, got itself incorporated into the Christian creeds, namely, that God is a wrathful being and must be placated by a sacrifice of blood before he would forgive and restore the offender, a thought the greater prophets of Israel to a man repudiated with vehemence, then there is no place for Jesus as a sacrifice in the evolutionary process. But if we study vital proc-

esses in Nature and human nature we shall come upon the fundamental law of ongoing life and find it to be *vicarious sacrifice*. Nowhere in the cosmic process has other life been produced or life in any of its higher forms without conformity to this law—the expenditure of self for another. In the vegetable range Jesus tells it plainly, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone. Every living thing abideth alone, unless it come under this universal law of vicarious sacrifice.

The apple tree in June, and the apple tree in October, after apples are picked; the robin, round and plump and the robin faded, and draggled, and pale, after the birdlings are out of the egg; the animal mother licking her offspring into warmth and life, not leaving it for hours though parched and feverish, for a drink of water at the spring hard by—all these illustrate this law. Tenderness, and care for another, and sympathy and love—these supreme life values have scored great gains in the rudimentary stage, in the process long before the human home is reached, and every increment of gain has become possible because life has yielded to this law of vicarious sacrifice. I need not point out to you its illustrations in the human family and in society. Now the errand of Jesus by his own announcement was to bring life. He was the bearer of a higher power of living to men. He was to clean up the world morally, to bring into it the breath, the life, the spirit of God and that birth from above, that renewing, that *regeneration,* if you prefer the old theological word, in the vital cosmic process could not become *without,* but must become *within* the limits of the cosmic law—vicarious sacrifice.

Jesus himself emphasized this as the all-inclusive way of the higher life—*save life by losing it.*

3. Where is the place of Jesus in the evolutionary process as the *expression* of life's supreme motive—Love? The evolution of Love! Did not love come down from the heights of glory? No. Love, too, has its roots in the physical. It can be traced from the first budding of the first plant-cell up to the love enthroned in the heart of the human mother and the altruism of the Christian family. You can catch its gleam in the eye of the mother bird and hear its tone in the note of the father bird when the nestlings are hatched. You can see it in the fierce and patient rage of the gorilla at the foot of the tree with a club watching—faithful sentinel—to defend his mate and her little one at the top. From mere "femaleness" in a world cold with motherless love and heartless with childless mothers, to use the phrase of another, into the mammalian family where no child can feed itself and on through the upward ranges of life to higher values until the human family is reached. Love is everywhere in evidence. Life is by no means all tooth and nail, our blood-red fang. And in the human family the age of infancy is immensely prolonged just to give love a chance to evolve itself into the supreme motive. The family today has become the nursery of all that is holiest in the world evolved from that of the savage standing at the door of his hut guarding his female, clubbing to death the male he suspects, chewing his raw heart and drinking his warm blood; and, if he suspects his mate, stoning her to death. The way to our Anglo-Saxon happy family life is paved by the death of innocent woman. Stoned to death on mere suspicion—vicarious sacrifices necessary to the evolution of the higher life values of the ideal home as you and I know it. Fierce and brutal monogomists were our Norse ancestors. The expression points of love are many in the process. A whilom student on a half-holiday excursion into the fields of evolutionary science, like myself, cannot mistake them. I cannot tarry to point out to you how all history gleams with these blazing beacons of life's supreme value. As Browning puts it, all life is "just for our chance's bearing love." Life's supreme motive gains at length supreme expression.

"And so the *Word* had breath and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic tho't."

4. But where is the place in the evolutionary process of Jesus as the *Life Bearer.* John said "In him was life." Life is his own constant theme. His saddest words were, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." In him was life—a new and higher power of life and not for himself but for the quickening of the race. In the process of evolution there has appeared here and there now and then an influx of vital power. "Time and again," says one, "the crisis has come when nature must go forward to something better or else fall back beneath itself. And the crisis never yet proved to be too much for the inner spiritual energy of the universe. A machine can never transcend itself. But nature passes the critical point, and goes on. The spirit which is in nature gathers itself up, as it were, and presses toward the goal."

The evolution of the eye for instance. The sensitive disk in the worm—the night wolleer—which soon gets back into the moist and the dark of earth when light is abroad. But vital forces accumulate with a purpose in the direction of seeing and so the sensitive disk of the worm becomes the pinhole vision of the nautilus and so upward to higher values of vision until the eye of the eagle is reached and on the ethical ranges the eye of the Seer. I cannot multiply illustrations but the process is sown thick with them. In the human family great souled men—gifted far above the slow moving masses—have appeared. Many of these have been worshiped as gods. Odin, the mighty, and Balder, the white god—the peace loving of our ancestors, men gifted with strategy and magnetism, who have delivered whole peoples from their enemies, men ethically gifted who have "lifted the masses to a cleaner sty," Zoroaster, Budha, Abraham.

We are told by our biologists that there has been no cause found yet for the variations from original types in nature or in human nature, or for the accumulation of these variations, or for their accentuation by which species are originated; these are specializations, the accumulations of power and its sure guidance to higher values of life. Nature meets the crisis and in the fulness of time passes it and life in this direction goes forth on a higher range of being.

The causative power is the same whether the range of life be animal, mental, ethical or social; whether the result be the sensitive eye spot of the worm, the pinhole eye of the nautilus or the perfect eye of the eagle, an Odin, a Balder, an Abraham or a Zoroaster. This spirit of the universe at a crisis in the fulness of time, as Paul puts it, human life must go higher or fall back, *accumulated* in the life of Jesus to the full limit of the capacity of his human nature. Do we not read how the spirit, i. e., the breath, the life of God, was given to him without measure?

And now, in conclusion, briefly let me corral these points into one word. The great word today of biology, psychology and philosophy, namely, *Personality,* and ask where is the place of the unique personality of Jesus if evolution be true?

If we insist upon the truth of the old dogma that Jesus is "very God of very God," there is no place of Jesus in the evolutionary process; or if we hold tenaciously to the dogma of a metaphysical trinity in the ancient creed, which dogma, by the way, is not nicene but neoplatonic in its origin, formulated in a philosophical workshop in Alexandria four hundred years before the Christian fathers thought of it, there is no place of Jesus in the cosmic process; or if our credulity refuses to let go of the birth stories of Jesus as actual history and physiological fact, there is no place of Jesus in the world growth theory. On the other hand, if we are open-minded enough to receive the profound and everywhere manifest truth that God, the Spirit of the Universe, the power of its power, the life of its life, is everywhere clothing himself with creations as with a garment as Philo taught, that creation is the divine poem, as Augustine has it, that the screen of nature "is too thin, the glory of the Omnipresent one breaks through everywhere"—Emerson's

We really have no difficulty in placing the great Personality of Jesus in the process. All *difficulty* arises in placing him there in harmony without dated ancient dogmas about him.

Incarnations of the spirit of the universe are everywhere in evidence. The "inexpressible *it* is so obtrusive peasant and priest, pagan and protestant, materialist and idealist cannot but be troubled by it. The eternal *Real* is becoming the omnipresent actual, absolute beauty, absolute truth, absolute goodness are forever walking out of the unseen and abstract universe into the visible and concrete.

George Eliot utters the profound experience of human nature when she says: "Ideas are often poor ghosts; our sunfilled eyes cannot discern them—they pass athwart us in their vapor, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us warm breath, they touch us with soft responsive hands, they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us with a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion as flame is drawn to flame."

Patience, fortitude, courage, meekness, love—these Infinite ideals of personality were concreted, incarnated, if you prefer the word, in Jesus. In the fulness of time, at human nature's awful crisis, He appeared the arrival of the fittest person.

Loyalty to personality, the touch of a living soul—faith in a person—confidence in a being—*this* is the ongoing method of the ethico-spiritual life. The personal relation is all. The mightiest moral influence is love of a person, pure and true and good. Jesus founded the kingdom of God here—no abstract formulas—no scientific definitions—no elaborate system—no analysis of the being of God into attributes—no divisions of Godhead into hypostases, but on the immediate and vital communions of person with person. "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life," he said. Jesus' personality then—*One* filled to his finger tips with the spirit of the universe—the most divinely human and humanly divine character, has appeared in the process—human nature's supreme specialization, the guerdon of holy character to all personality in its upward yearning and undying aspirations—a life bearer to all who can receive him, not indeed by intellectual assent, but by a consecrated will to be what, in touch with the person of Jesus, one knows he ought to be.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Ann Arbor Program

We give below the preliminary announcement of the committee having in charge the Congress Meeting at Ann Arbor, Mich., February 21. The arrangement and topics of the speakers on the program are admirable and the whole meeting will be a notable one. We urge our friends to attend this meeting as largely as possible and contribute to the public discussions. We understand there is a growing conviction that the religious forces of the state ought not longer to contend against each other or even to insist on acting independently when the forces of evil and destruction are all constantly co-operating for their common ends. It is surely time the Christian church and all the forces of religion and righteousness were working together so as to present a solid front against the hosts of materialism and social degeneration. Business and politics, gamblers and saloonkeepers, the forces of gain and greed, of evil and corruption, these always preach and practice co-operation. How long shall it remain true that those who especially believe in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man are the only parallel forces which refuse to work together? We hope Michigan leaders will at least make a beginning at Ann Arbor of a State Co-operation of Religion.

C. A. O.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

A Fellowship Meeting under the auspices of The Congress of Religion will be held at Ann Arbor, Mich., on Thursday, February 21, 1907.

Persons of every creed are invited to take part in this meeting. Emphasis is laid upon those fundamental truths which unite all men, rather than upon the partial interpretations of truth which separate and divide them. The topics treated will deal with live issues in religious thought, and discussion will be perfectly free and open. All the sessions of the meeting are open to the general public which is cordially invited to attend.

PROGRAM.

10 a. m.—"Three Views of the New Testament." (1) The Jewish, Rabbi Leo M. Franklin, of Temple Bethel, Detroit; (2) The Critical, Rev. Lee S. McCollester, of the Church of Our Father, Detroit; (3) The Evangelical, Dr. W. P. Behan, of the Baptist Guild. Discussion.

2:30 p. m.—"Religion from Special Points of View." (1) The Scientist's, Prof. V. C. Vaughan, M. D., of the University of Michigan; (2) The Philosopher's, Prof. George Rebec, Ph. D., of the University of Michigan; (3) The Sociologist's, Prof. C. H. Cooley, Ph. D., of the University of Michigan. Discussion.

7:30 p. m.—Platform Meeting, Rev. Henry Tatlock, of Ann Arbor, presiding. (1) Rev. G. G. Atkins, of the First Congregational Church, Detroit; (2) Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

Lunch will be served in the dining room of the Unitarian Church, corner of State and Huron streets, at 1 p. m. Every one attending the meetings is cordially invited.

The meetings will be held in the Congregational Church on State street, opposite the university campus. So far as possible all persons attending the Conference will be entertained at homes in Ann Arbor. Any person who desires such entertainment is requested to write at once to Henry Wilder Foote, 110 State street north, Ann Arbor, stating his intention to attend the meetings and the time of his arrival.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Pasteur Institute Gets Bequest.

The death of Daniel Osiris, the philanthropist, occurred in Paris February 4. By the terms of his will a bequest of $5,000,000 is given to the Pasteur Institute for the extension of its sanitary work.

Decides Against Postal Revision.

The House Committee on postal affairs decided last week not to recommend a revision of the postal laws this session of Congress. It was, however, clearly recognized that the department needs a thorough investigation by experts, and an appropriation will be made for this purpose. One of the ends in view is a proper division of the operating expenses between the different classes of matter. The spirit and purpose of the law for second-class matter is now being grossly violated and other departments have to suffer.

Illinois Railroad Bill.

The railroad and warehouse commission of this state seems likely to make a determined effort to pass the bill prohibiting free passes and reducing all fares to the two-cent a mile rate. This is a most desirable piece of legislation and ought to be enacted.

Traction Ordinances Pass the Council.

In an all-night session last week Monday the Chicago City Council passed the traction ordinances by more than a two-thirds vote. The ordinances are to go into effect upon the approval of the voters April 2, and contain a provision for Municipal Ownership at any time on six months' notice, if the city gets the money and votes to purchase. All the lines are to be rebuilt at a cost of $40,000,000. Twenty-one through routes will be established, extending from one side of the city to the other without change. The city will get fifty-five per cent of the net receipts, the companies about forty-five per cent, and the latter must also contribute $5,000,000 toward building a subway owned by the city in the downtown district.

Three-cent Fares a Success in Cleveland.

According to the annual report of the Forest City Railway Company, Mayor Johnson's three-cent fare is a financial success. The backers of the road assert the company has been making money, even at the low rate. During the month of January, when the cars came to the city square, the net surplus amounted to $1,186.

Federated Religion in New York.

Under the auspices of the Federation of Churches a ten-days' evangelistic campaign is being carried on among the shops and factories of New York City. Last week Wednesday the storm and snow outside and the addresses of eminent clergymen inside, brought about 20,000 men and women and boys and girls, to hear the addresses on practical religion. It would be a wonderful thing if the churches of New York should awake to the fact that they are concerned in the methods of business, the crimes of child labor, the sins against the bodies as well as the sins of the souls, of these shop workers in the great city.

Righteousness in Tennessee.

Even Tennessee has begun "to sit up and take notice" of the ways of life. Last week the lower house passed a bill prohibiting race track gambling by a vote of 92 to 3. This vote does not indicate the strong fight made by the "antis," who at last surrendered and got in the band wagon. The bill had already passed the Senate and will be signed by the governor.

The Riches of Gotham.

In a recent issue of the *Record-Herald*, Wm. E. Curtis writes that the per capita wealth in New York City is the largest in the world. Counting the value of real estate alone and dividing it among the 4,000,000 inhabitants of the city, every man, woman and child would have $1,450, besides the millions of dollars of personal property in silver plate and automobiles, diamonds and dogs. This, we are told, makes the people of New York richer than those of any other city in the world, but we wonder if the thousands of men, women and children who have hard work to get enough to eat and to keep soul and body together, really appreciate their enviable position! Mr. Curtis goes on to say that it will cost $130,000,000 to pay the expenses of the government of this city the current year, of which nearly $21,000,000 is for interest on the debt of the city. The National government pays a little less than $23,500,000 interest on its debt. It is to the credit of New York that the largest item of expense is for educational purposes, a total of $25,620,000; but we should like to know what proportion of the taxes is paid by the millionaires who cannot even wisely use their incomes, and what part by the laborers whose lives are a constant struggle to make ends meet. We may ridicule the theories of Henry George, but the time is coming when some more equitable division of the burdens of the government shall be made and fewer "unearned dollars" go into the coffers of the over rich.

Mr. Fisher Resigns and Is Reëmployed.

The man who has been the special traction adviser of Mayor Dunne, and to whose skill and ability the present traction ordinances are chiefly due, resigned his post last week. The relations between Mr. Fisher and the Mayor continued friendly, but they did not agree on traction policies. Mr. Fisher has now been retained by the transportation committee and the city will still profit by his counsel in traction matters.

'Frisco School Board at Washington.

By invitation of the President Mayor Schmitz and the San Francisco School Board are in Washington to confer concerning the Japanese problem. Despite the jocular mood in which the press refers to this diplomatic problem, we think the matter is a serious one. War is not an immediate danger or possibility, but war is not the only difficulty that may embarrass two friendly nations. Japan has long been struggling for recognition as one of the primary powers of the world, whose citizens should have the same rights as those of other "favored nations," and she will not be satisfied with less. The matter is one of national scope and importance. We hope the San Francisco School Board will get a national vision while in Washington.

Regulation of Child Labor.

A similar crossing of state and national lines was found in the debate on child labor regulation. Senator Beveridge has presented a strong case and offered a bill for the regulation of child labor and the preservation of the future citizenship of the nation. But the lawyers of Congress will have none of it—for the Judiciary Committee of the House says: "The assertion of such power by Congress would destroy every vestige of state authority, obliterate state lines, nullify the great work of the framers of the Constitution and leave the state governments mere matters of form devoid of power." The Chicago *Record-Herald* calls this "a farce of brains and of constitutional reasoning." Whatever it be called the right and duty of the government to legislate for the protection of its young citizens is inalienable. If state lines *must* interfere with the preservation of national citizenship—so much the worse for the state lines! The state and the nation are considerably less important than the citizenship for which they exist and are quite valueless if that citizenship is destroyed. Senator Beveridge has the stars fighting on his side and will ultimately win.

The Thaw Trial.

It is doubtful if any court procedure of recent years has been given the space in the newspapers, and the consequent attention of the public all over the country, that the Thaw murder trial has received. Worse than all the rest have been the verbatim reports of the disgusting and debasing record of human beastliness presented on the witness stand. Some Chicago dailies have given *more than half* their reading space to this cesspool stuff! The certain result will be the increase of crime and criminals along these lines. Americans abhor the idea of "muzzling the press," but can we not have liberty and democracy consistent with self-defense and the protection of young citizenship?

$32,000,000 for Education.

John D. Rockefeller donates $32,000,000 to the General Education Board—"the largest single gift ever made for any social or philanthropic purpose in the history of the race." Just how much it is few of us realize. If a whole regiment of soldiers—one thousand men—were to work six days in the week, at $2.50 a day, in forty years they would altogether earn $31,200,000. When did Mr. Rockefeller earn this money? But let us be thankful it is to be spent wisely rather than be left to curse his heirs as a certain "righteous" Chicago merchant chose to do. It is a strange fact that one multimillionaire is praised by press and pulpit for his "unblemished integrity" and yet he never honored his life or his death by more than a paltry philanthropy; while another multimillionaire is uniformly cursed for his (undeniable) unrighteousness and yet he showers his millions with generous hand on well deserved philanthropies. Is the *vox populi* a *vox Dei* in either case?

C. A. O.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The new heroism manifests itself at the present moment in a universal determination to abolish poverty and disease.

MON.—The things that make men alike are stranger and more primitive than the things that separate them.

TUES.—We may predict that each nation quite as a natural process will reach the moment when virile good-will will be substituted for the spirit of warfare.

WED.—Democratic government has ever been the result of spiritual travail and moral effort.

THURS.—Unless the growing conscience is successfully embodied in legal enactment, men lose the habit of turning to the law for guidance and redress.

FRI.—We would all agree that only when men have education, a margin of leisure, and a decent home can they find room to develop the moral life.

SAT.—We constantly forget that, in the last analysis, the spiritual growth of one social group is conditioned by the reaction of other social groups upon it.

—*From "Newer Ideals of Peace," by Jane Addams.*

The Toil Child

Child of dim and sunken eyes,
  You whose hands are gnarled and thin—
Who claimed you as a sacrifice?
  Who must bear this weight of sin?
Who has hid from you the rose
  From whose petals honey drips?
Who, the chiefest of your foes,
  Barred the laughter from your lips?

Wasted, shambling, weak and gaunt—
  Who has gained that you have lost?
You that trudge the Land of Want,
  Childhood's borders never crossed,
Do you hold still in your heart
  Smoldering gleams of dim desires
For the fairy hills where start
  Magic's mystic signal fires?

Do you feel, as one who dreams,
  Subtle calls from field and wood,
Luring hails from singing streams?
  Have you never understood
All the shouts from forest lands
  Meant for you, and you alone—
Child of worn and weary hands
  Robbed of breath and blood and bone?

It may be that when the years
  Slowly creeping, give release,
Laughter will replace your tears,
  You may have your childhood peace;
It may be—Ah, no! It must!
  God will bend above you then
Whispering unto your dust:
  "Rise, and be a child again!"

Labor-driven girl or boy,
  Who has thieved your spring of life?
Who has filched your days of joy
  For toil's never-ending strife?
This is sure: That one great day
  By the vast eternal sea
Those who thieved will hear Him say:
  "Ye have done this unto Me!"

—*W. D. Nesbit.*

Jean Francois Millet

(*Continued From Last Issue.*)

But François had to leave his books. He was the eldest boy among eight brothers and sisters. His father needed him to help with the work. Yet he did not give up his studies. He loved to read. His Uncle Charles had owned a few books. François read these again and again.

The only time he had for study was an hour in the evening, after his day's work was done. Sometimes he read in this precious hour, but oftener he drew. Once in a while he stayed up to draw while the others slept. Then he would hide his sketches in the straw of his bed. When his mother found them she laughed at the quaint figures.

Every Saturday morning some men went past the Millet home on their way to market. They rode donkeys. The donkeys were very small. The men were so tall that their feet almost dragged on the ground. François was amused at this sight. He made a drawing of the men and donkeys one day.

The village blacksmith saw the sketch, and asked to borrow it. He nailed it up in his shop. When the men returned from market they saw it. They were amazed at the work. "You must have an artist in this town," said the men. "No artist—only little Millet," said the blacksmith. "Well, some day he will be an artist," they replied.

François' father often tried to model an animal in clay or carve some object from wood. His little son liked to watch him.

It is noonday, and the laborers have had their dinner. Now they are resting. François' father is lying asleep on a couch. The boy himself is drawing. He is trying to make a sketch of the men cutting the hay. He tries again and again.

Now he begins a new picture. He is so much interested that he does not see that his father has wakened. The father steals across the room. He looks over his son's shoulder. What is this he sees? A girl at her spinning wheel. Why, it is François' sister! The father goes softly back to his place. He is well pleased with the boy's drawing. François draws on. He does not know that anyone has seen his work.

On rainy days no work could be done in the fields. François was glad of this, for a rainy day was as good as a holiday. He could use his time as he pleased. The Millets had an old family Bible with prints of the saints and apostles in it.

When the storm had driven him indoors, François would take the Bible to his own room. No one disturbed him there. He spent many happy hours copying the prints, while the rain pattered on the roof.

One Sunday, when he was about eighteen years old, he was coming home from church. An old man walked slowly in front of him. His figure was bent, and he leaned upon a stick. His shoulders were stooped by years of hard labor in the fields. Jean François took a piece of charcoal from his pocket. He made an exact likeness of the old man on a stone wall near by. A neighbor came past as he finished the sketch.

The man recognized it at once. He called to those who were behind him. "See what Jean François has done!" After looking at the picture, they gathered around the boy. All had words of praise for him. The father alone was silent. He thought of the picture many times. He could think of nothing else for several days. He wished that François might have an easier life than his own had been. He wondered if his son could learn to make pictures. At last he made up his mind.

A few days later he called François to him. "My son," he said, "I see that thou wouldst like to be a painter. Well I know that it is a fine trade. I would gladly have sent thee long ago to study painting, but I could not. Thou art the eldest of my boys, and I had so much need of thee. Now the others are growing up. I will no longer keep thee at home. We will go to Cherbourg soon. We will visit a teacher there. He can tell us if thou hast talent enough to be an artist."—*Katherine Lois Scobey and Olive Browne Horne.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

A SUCCESSFUL EXHIBIT AT PRETORIA.—Evidences of encouraging, and really surprising, progress of the Boer home industries continue to multiply. Scarcely have I made public one interesting communication when another even more interesting comes to hand. This week it is the twenty-seventh letter from Miss Hobhouse dated at Johannesburg, December 9, 1906. It reads as follows:

I have to report this week that we have got through a most successful exhibition at Pretoria. We did not offer our best things for sale, some having been retained to send to England, and others having been previously sold. But we took about £160 ($800). Practically all the good work sold quickly and easily, as for instance the trek rugs, for which many orders were given us. They are woven now in one piece, and are extremely nice for traveling. It was satisfactory that the head manager of large firms came and spoke to me with deep trade interest and singled out the trek rugs as a line he might usefully take from us. He asked how long it would take me to provide him with fifty, but I hesitate, while our big looms are still so few and our spinners still needing more organization to enter into contracts with tradespeople. Later I hope we shall develop on that side.

An art workshop also approached me with a desire to purchase finely spun yarns direct from us instead of from Europe (we were exhibiting sample skeins). This would be very good for the spinsters from all points of view. The shop also offered to act as our agent in Pretoria to dispose of artistic pieces of work.

The lengths of material did not sell so well, and for two reasons, I think. First, they are thick and woolly and December in Pretoria is dreadfully hot, one melted only to look at them. Our sales should always be winter ones. Second, people did not wish for the trouble for making them up themselves, but kept on ordering from us cloaks made of these stuffs. This we cannot undertake, though an enterprizing and tasteful ladies' tailor might do well as a branch of our work. Some white cloth, Miss Cloete (who has skilful fingers) had herself made into a smart driving coat, and embroidered the collar in three shades of blue she had dyed. This was much admired, and also an evening cloak of white Angora lined with coral pink silk. Several ladies wanted to buy this. It was nice.

We were very proud of some plaids Philippolis had produced, and also of some tweed both spun and woven by Miss Prichard for her brother's wear. Commandant Prichard is already clad by his daughter. In this lies much promise.

Het Volk (the Boer political party) was sitting, and at 11:30 they adjourned purposely to see our work as an object lesson. They came headed by Botha, de la Rey, Schalk Burger, etc., and all the well-known names. I explained everything to them and their astonishment was delightful. I presented Botha and de la Rey with a trek rug and wished. I could have given one also to each member of *Het Volk*. An old Boer bought a pair of baby socks knitted from our Angora; he said he had neither children nor grandchildren, but wanted a "remembrance" and evidently could afford nothing else.

Forgive a hurried letter as I am worn out and much pressed.

Yours very sincerely,
EMILY HOBHOUSE.

In acknowledgment of Chicago's little New Year contribution, Mme. degli Asinelli writes:

"It brought me luck, for, on Thursday I had but 110 francs in my funds, then your 144.20 francs arrived; hearing what you had done a rich lady of Geneva gave me 300 francs, thus today I have in hand 554.20 francs."

On the 27th of January she writes: "I ought to have told you before now that last Thursday I had the great pleasure of sending our dear worker the sum of 789.95 francs, thanks to the generosity of friends. Will you kindly tell Mrs. Weston and Mrs. Murphy all about it? I am sure they will rejoice with us. Did I tell you that Margaret Clark is leaving for South Africa and that Miss Fry (the grand-niece of Elizabeth Fry) is taking her place as treasurer in England?"

Another item of more than personal interest in this letter from Geneva is the announcement of the birth, on January 10, of a little grandson to Père Hyacinthe. The father, Paul Loyson, the young gifted poet and dramatist, is just now in Paris superintending the production of his new drama, *Les âmes ennemies*, but his little family have lately come to their charming summer home near Geneva for rest and quiet. Paul Loyson is a firm believer in the possibility of using the stage as a moral teacher and an effective instrument for the promotion of social reforms. His dramas are inspired by this belief and purpose. His own family life is said by those admitted to the intimacy of the home to be quite ideal, and to see the revered grandfather among his grandchildren is a pleasure indeed.

* * *

Since the publication of my South African notes two weeks ago, another library friend has contributed a dollar to the loom fund. "Small favors are thankfully received and larger ones in proportion." Who will be next on the list?

M. E. H.

Our Milk Supply

In view of the apprehension generally felt, we think it proper to make the following statement:

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Chicago, January 22, 1907.

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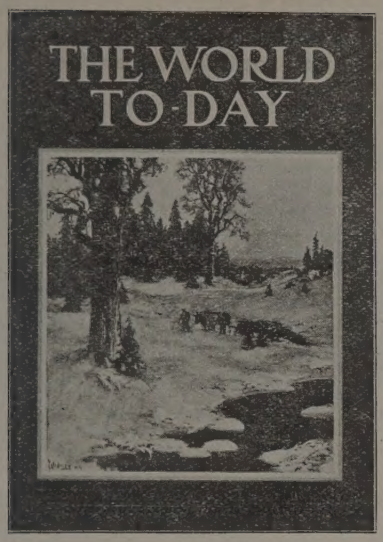

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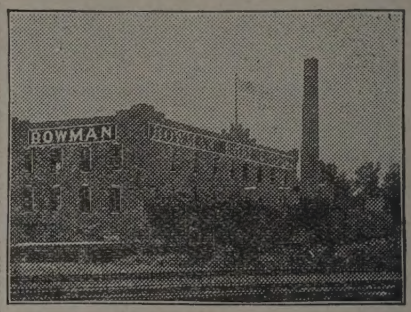

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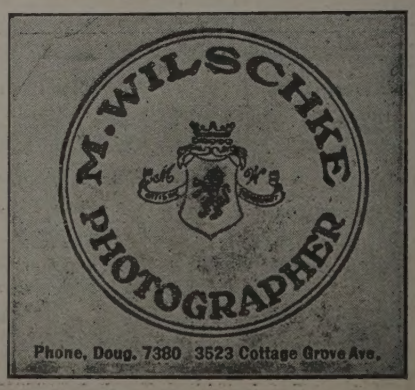

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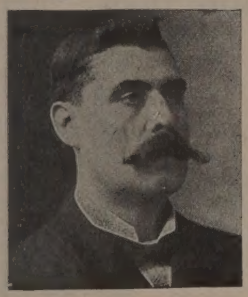
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